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is not to be equalled elsewhere — reading that passage without a blushing consciousness of the over-enthusiasm of the writer. These faults indicate the author's zeal, which is more appropriately to be found also in the collection of material. Naturally enough there is a great deal about the Revolution, for there is hardly a hill in the neighborhood of Boston that does not bear the mark of an old fortification, nor an old house without its tradition of Washington's visit.

It is with an account of Charlestown and the Charles River that the author begins his volume; he goes on with a description of the Navy Yard, giving the reader various anecdotes about different naval officers and ships. Bunker Hill, of course, receives due honor. Somerville, Medford, Cambridge, are mentioned in succession, and it is here that, in our opinion, the author has collected the most interesting facts. General Lee's head-quarters in Somerville are made the excuse for a long and entertaining chapter on the Revolutionary War; and in the description of Cambridge we have a great deal of information, not only about the colleges, but also about the very many old houses which make that city so noteworthy. Concord and Lexington, as well as South Sudbury and Woburn, are the texts of interesting antiquarian disquisitions.

In short, the volume, in spite of its lack of certain literary merits which the readers will good-naturedly forgive, will be found extremely entertaining reading for the valuable rarities assembled, even if they are hidden under a considerable amount of less important statements. The illustrations, of which about twenty are heliotypes, add materially to the value of the book; less warm praise can be given to the wood-engravings.

5. — *Aftermath*. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

IN this volume of verses Mr. Longfellow brings to a conclusion the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," with an additional series of stories, some old, some new, but all told with the same easy grace which his readers have by long and delightful experience learned to expect in every poem that leaves his hand. There is the story of Azrael told once more, as well as that of Emma and Eginhard, and the tale of Elizabeth.

"By the window she sat with her work, and looked on a landscape
White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his vision,
By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens.

Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the meadows.
Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing
Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river."

"The Monk of Casal-Maggiore" is perhaps as pleasing as any. It is an amusing story charmingly told.

The main value of the book, however, lies in the few shorter poems at the end, in which the poet bids farewell, as it were, to his readers, comparing this collection of his poems to the last gathering of the rowen by the farmer. Every one knows the little poem, but we cannot help quoting it once more.

AFTERMATH.

When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.

The gentle pathos of this is of something the same sort that is expressed in the "Fata Morgana," and "The Haunted Chamber," and "The Meeting," which is a tender melancholy far removed from gloomy repining.

All of Mr. Longfellow's admirers, that is to say all of his readers, will gladly receive this volume, which, if it lacks great poems, contains the same simplicity, sweetness, and calm trustfulness that have made him always welcome with those who are sensitive to the softer charms of verse.

6. — *Poems.* By W. D. HOWELLS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.
1873.

MR. HOWELLS'S delightful prose works have won him so many admirers, who have keenly appreciated his delicate humor, his subtle drawing of character, and the charms of his style, that we cannot